

# Good Morning

S62

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Can the Spirit Heal?

YOU boys may have seen that the question of Divine Healing has been raised again in the Church. The Rev. Ernest Streete, vicar of Ashford, Middlesex, has opened such services and has laid hands on the sick who attended for healing.

I daresay you have heard of such cases, and some of you may have wondered whether the cures are permanent. It is an old story.

But the trouble is that the Churches—and I include all Churches—do not seem to be able to make up their minds about this function.

In the Church of England there is the Guild of St. Raphael for healing. The Catholic Church has its various shrines, and gives credit to the various saints for any cures.

I was talking this matter over with a prominent cleric the other day, and he said emphatically that if healing was claimed, "the virtue must reside in the clergymen in their offices as priests, not as individuals."

I mention this to show how even the clergy will split hairs on the subject, on any subject. That view is just nonsense.

For if a priest is a bad priest otherwise, surely he cannot be a good healer. And if a layman is a good layman, surely he may have the gift.

The truth is that, by whatever name you call this, it is a spiritual matter.

I have been to the Lourdes shrine, where cures of Catholics take place. I have investigated cures there. There is no doubt about them. They are not Faith Cures, for babies have been cured, and rebellious, unbelieving Catholics have been cured.

Nor is the cure in the water of the spring. I had that analysed, and it is ordinary spring water.

By the same token, similar cures are not Mental Cures, nor are they the result of hypnotism, telepathic suggestion, or any new-fangled psychological operation. They are just cures.

Spiritualists have Healing Centres, too, and get cures. Christian Scientists get cures in their own way.

So cures cannot be confined to "priests as priests, by virtue of their office." The door is wide open.

Well, never mind the hair-splitting. The point I am trying to make is that cures—gradual or sudden—have taken place and cannot be

denied, and therefore the Power to cure must be in existence. It must come from Somewhere, somehow.

If we read the Gospels we will find pretty good proof that the Master's cures did not depend on the victim of the sickness believing in a cure, but in the linking up of some Force with the victim.

There was that chap at the Pool of Bethesda who didn't even know who said to him, "Rise, take up thy bed and walk."

There was the raising of Lazarus, where you will find (St. John xi, 14): "Then said Jesus unto them plainly, Lazarus is dead."

Some Power, some Force, unseen and mysterious, operated in these and other cures. Grant the cures, and you must logically grant the Power, the Force.

Next thing is to discover its origin, the way of operation. There is no doubt that the power to heal was given to the Apostles. They used it.

I am not concerned, for the moment, with the differences between Christian Science and any other form of healing. I am concerned only with the Force that does heal.

Plainly it is not of human origin. It can't be, since it never did exhibit itself from the human touch alone.

I exclude, of course, such exhibitions as mesmerism, hypnotism, and so on, for these never did show a result that

What is the worth of anything, But for the happiness 'twill bring?

Richard Cambridge (1717-1802).

cannot be explained. I am dealing with cures that otherwise cannot be explained.

It is remarkable that this Power, this Force, never was given a person unworthy of it. Every Healer who exhibited the Power has had an additional something which non-healers have not got.

You can call it a link with the Infinite or what you will, but it is there; and the cures are the result.

Yet this Power does not need a Healer to demonstrate it. All it needs is the circumstances. This is proved by the cases of little children and unbelieving adults who have been cured. I have known such cases.

So, really, we are forced to argue backward after all—not *a priori*, from cause to effect, but *a posteriori*, from the effect to the cause, as the logicians say. Not by deduction, but by induction.

And that is where the philosophers and logicians are stumped. In short, you MUST grant a superhuman, a supernatural Power as the origin.

Now, what are you going to call this Power?

It must be good, or it would not do good. I wish I had more space for this; but I haven't. I leave the induction, or the deduction, to you, and say, as you seek the Cause.

Cheerio and Good Hunting.  
S. M.

## Man? Just an Upstart Down Here Below

IF we ask ourselves how old is the world, we can arrive at a very rough figure by first answering the question, How does the salt get into the sea?

This is, of course, not difficult to answer. As rain-water percolates through the soil it carries with it some of the soluble salts which reside in the earth, and these salts, with other suspended materials, are taken by the rivers and deposited on the ocean beds.

Now, when the moisture rises and forms clouds, which eventually fall again as rain, the salt is left behind. So that the sea is growing more and more salt.

THERE are something like 36 thousand billion tons of salt in the oceans. Each year another 88 million tons are added.

So, to get our rough figure of the earth's age, we do a little simple division, and find that this process has been going on for 360 million years. We can say, then, that the world is certainly some hundreds of millions of years old. (What a birthday cake with a candle for each year!)

The Astronomer Royal, Sir H. Spencer Jones, points out in this connection two things: First, that the sea has not become more salt at a uniform rate; and, secondly, that the earth is considerably older than the oceans, anyway.

But it's a useful rule of thumb. It makes our great-grandparents' belief, based on the Bible story of Creation, that the world is a few thousand years old, look silly.

It was Archbishop Ussher, in the 17th century, who worked out the Biblical chronology which put the date of Creation as 4004 B.C.

The geologists are the boys to work out these sums in compound arithmetic. They show that, compared with the world's age, man is a mere newcomer, having lived on earth for little more than a million years.

What geologists call sedimentary deposits, sandstone and clay among them, provide a somewhat similar line of approach to the problem as the sea salt.

These deposits are carried by the rivers. As the earth cooled and the crust crumbled, they were thrown up above sea-level. In deposits now thousands of feet above sea-level, sea-shells have been found.

The thickness of these deposits is roughly 500,000 feet, and we know that it takes 500 years to add another foot. From these figures we learn that sedimentation has been going on for at least 250 mil-

J. S. Newcombe asks "How Old is the World?"

lion years. But the rate at which the sediment formed must have varied in past geological ages.

It is this variation in the rate which makes this, and the salt, theory not accurate enough. Scientists looked about for some process which would have moved uniformly through the ages.

This was found when radioactivity was discovered. Lead is the casket which holds the secret of the world's age.

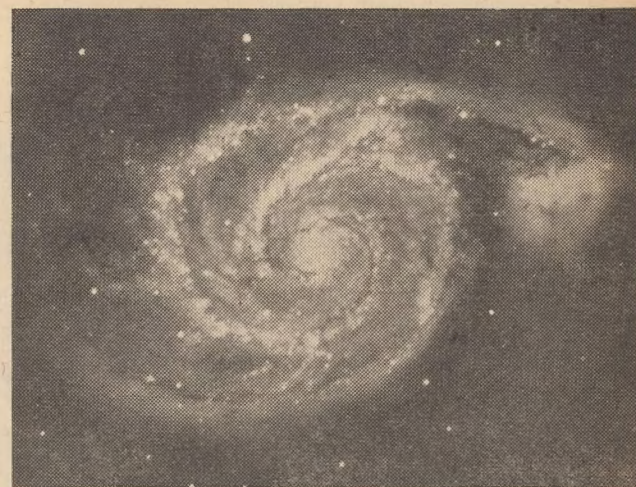
Certain elements, such as radium, have unstable atoms which gradually break up, giving off helium gas at a point in the transformation, and turn into lead.

The breaking-up of the atoms is quite spontaneous and the rate quite constant. Shut up some ceranium compound for ten million years, and at the end of that time you'd find that for every 637 atoms of the original ceranium there were now 636 atoms together with one atom of lead.

It wouldn't matter what external conditions had played on the ceranium during those millions of years, great changes of temperature or pressure, the rate at which the atoms broke up would have been unaffected.

When, in the infancy of the world, the earth began to cool, a crust formed over the surface. And in this crust minerals crystallised which contained uranium. With the passage of vast aeons of time, a proportion of the uranium atoms have disintegrated and turned to lead.

Once the proportion of lead to uranium is known, the age of the mineral can be determined.



Do we know that the lead has necessarily come from uranium? Nature has thought of that snag and provided a check-up.

Lead formed by the break-up of uranium atoms is lighter than ordinary lead. There is no mistaking the marked difference between the two.

Geologists are indebted to radioactivity for the accurate time scale they are able to make for rocks, and the discoveries arising out of these rock formations.

Man, we have said, has a history of a million years. The miner who to-day hews coal and brings it to the surface is actually disturbing for the first time something that was formed 280 million years before his first ancestor walked the earth.

We know that primitive mammals lived long before man—in fact, some 60 million years earlier. Flying reptiles inhabited the earth 170 million years ago. As for the dinosaurs, they were lumbering about more than 210 million years before man arrived.

But some of the oldest rocks (to travel still farther back in time) were formed 1,500 million years ago. And the world is still older.

Radioactivity again helps us. It is calculated, by this means, that if the whole of the lead in ordinary rocks had been produced by the decay of uranium and thorium, the rocks must be 3,000 million years old.

It is known that some parts of the earth's crust are 1,500 million years old, while the maximum age for other parts is 3,000 millions. Perhaps this latter figure is too high, and

the real age of the crust lies between the two figures, though certainly nearer to 3,000.

Can we go back still farther? It is clear that the earth must be older than its crust. But when the earth cooled in its early stages, it first liquefied and then began to form a solid crust, and this process is unlikely to have taken more than 20,000 years.

When astronomers, towards the end of the last century, calculated that the sun was some 20 million years old, and the earth could be no older, the geologists insisted that this was wrong.

They pointed out that their studies had revealed changes in the earth which could not possibly have been effected in 20 million years or anything like that figure.

So the astronomers looked over their data again. They found that their estimate of the sun's age had been based on false premises. They also concluded that the sun was some thousands of times older than the earth.

New evidence has come to light which makes it seem probable that the sun and the stars cannot be much older than the earth.

In the words of Sir Spencer Jones: "Some 3,000 million years ago something happened to the universe at large. What exactly this something was we do not know. But the stars, the sun and the earth were some of its results."

We also know that man is a newcomer, though 250 times older than the age Archbishop Ussher assigned to the creation of the earth.

## Stoker Harry Wilson. Here's news and a Photo from Home



YOU asked us to get a picture of your wife, Elizabeth. Well, here it is, and very nice, too.

It was taken outside your home in Severn Gardens, Gateshead-on-Tyne, one Sunday afternoon.

Your new niece, Anne, was basking in the sunshine outside, and, of course, we brought her into the picture, too, so that you could get a glimpse of her for the first time. She looked very shy of having her picture taken.

Moir was dashing around getting herself ready for the arrival of Tommy and Jimmy, who were coming to tea, but she stopped for a moment to say, "What about bringing me home a pet monkey?"

Your father-in-law was sitting in an easy chair, dozing after his dinner, and sent a message that he hoped to buy you one or two shortly. Expect he means gills.

Elizabeth sends her love, and said, "Hope you don't get a fright when you see my photo! But you asked for it!"

She is looking forward to the celebration of your next leave. All's well at home, Harry.

Oh, no man knows  
Through what wild centuries  
Roves back the rose.  
Walter de la Mare.

The true artist will let his wife starve, his children go barefoot, his mother drudge for her living at seventy, sooner than work at anything but his art.  
Bernard Shaw.

United Metropolitan Improved Hot Muffin and Crumpet Baking and Punctual Delivery Company.  
"Nicholas Nickleby."

Your letters are welcome! Write to  
"Good Morning"  
c/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1



# If you own 'em it's "Land"—not "Fields"

(Says Fred  
Kitchen)

FARMERS don't call their land "fields."

It's seldom one hears a farmer, or his men, refer to a piece of land as "a field"; it is usually "a close," or, in farm dialect, "a cloise," "grass cloise," "barley cloise," or "turnip cloise," as the case may be.

All of which dates back to the Enclosure period of the eighteenth century, when the fields became enclosed into separate units.

It may help the visitor to the country to understand the patchwork of fields and hedges if he knows how and why they came about, for the present-day picture of field and hedge dates no further back than to the time of the Great Enclosure.

But the first thing to notice on a country ramble is the farm buildings themselves.

It will be found, in most cases, that the barn is much older, and its stonework more decayed-looking than the rest of the buildings.

This is so because until the agricultural revolution of the eighteenth century, farm buildings consisted of little else than a large stone barn and a farmhouse.

It may be noticed, too, that the oldest and more weather-worn farms are those situated inside the village, excepting "The Grange Farm," which is usually to be found well away from the village.

It formerly belonged to some religious house as a granary or store-house, for their outlying lands.

The more ancient appearance of the village farms is due to the fact that only the land near to the village was under cultivation, until the Napoleonic wars threatened the country with famine, and the waste lands away from the village were brought into cultivation.

Then farm buildings began to spring up on the newly cultivated land beyond the village, and what were desolate wastes and sheep walks became parcelled out into hedged fields.

## "Fields"

The next thing to notice is—the bigger the field the straighter the hedgerow, and usually the "Manor Farm," "Church Farm," and "Hall Farm" (as being the oldest established) have the larger fields, straighter hedges and the best land.

On the outskirts of the village the fields become smaller, the shape of the hedges more irregular, and the land often poor and waterlogged.

This was formerly common-waste, enclosed and parcelled out for the benefit—or destruction—of the cottage holder and small farmer.

Here, too, in these smaller fields, we find such field names as "Potter's Nook," "Parson's Close," and "Cobbler's Acre," signifying that at one time these tiny fields were allotted to various members of the village community not permanently engaged in agriculture.

Sometimes, on marshy grass-land and around horse ponds, irregular rows of useless thorn bushes can be seen.

These, too, are reminders of the enclosure period—the method of growing hedge thorns being to plant slips of thorn on marshy land, where they quickly took root, hence the name "quick-thorn" or "quick-set," and were transplanted to make our English hedgerows.

However disastrous those hedges may have been to the "common-holders" of the eighteenth century, they make up the pleasant English landscape of to-day.

Though the economist may condemn them as a waste of good soil, the countryside would lose its charm without its hedges.



## MEET LONG TOM'S COFFIN

NOWADAYS, if you have the misfortune to be "taken for a ride" to gaol, few people will give a second glance at the plain van.

The Black Maria is air-conditioned and divided into a dozen self-contained cells, each with steel walls and very firm locks. The unlucky "tenants" have nine feet of head-room.

The Black Maria celebrated its centenary in 1936, and it has certainly changed a good deal in the last hundred years. Pulled by an old horse and driven by a stolid Peeler in a chimney-pot hat, the prisoners would glare out of the metal grilles. Often the cart had to stop, besieged by an angry mob, who passed money, food, and perhaps a jemmy, to their friends inside.

Sometimes, Black Maria failed to reach her destination. During some riots, way back in '67, the cart was ambushed by sympathisers of the prisoners. The driver was shot dead when he refused to give up the keys. The prisoners were released and smuggled out of the country.

On another occasion the boot was on the other foot. An ugly mob decided to lynch a prisoner. They dragged him out of the cart, but more police arrived on the scene and managed to get him into a pub. A battle royal started, and plenty of blood as well as beer was spilt before he was smuggled out of the back door and rowed across the Thames to safety!

There is some doubt as to how the Black Maria got its name. Some people say it came from across the Atlantic.

When Boston was a tough sailors' town, a boarding-house was kept by a negress who was about six feet six tall and proportionately wide. When her lodgers became a bit noisy or refused to pay their rent, Maria Lee would simply drag them bodily to the "cooler."

Pontefract market at a reserve of one shilling, and had been highly delighted when the bidding reached eleven shillings. In 1820 a man named Brouchest led his wife into the cattle-market at Canterbury, and was most indignant when the auctioneer refused to negotiate the sale. Not to be thwarted, Brouchest hired a pen for the usual tollage of sixpence, and soon afterwards sold the unhappy woman for five shillings.

While the selling of wives, at any rate since the Reformation, has been principally confined to the ignorant peasant classes, there are several examples of the nobility leasing their wives, while those of you who were lucky enough to see the recent Donald Wolfitt production of Ben Jonson's "Volpone," will remember how the greedy merchant Corvino offers to lend his beautiful young wife to Volpone in order to ingratiate himself with the old miser and make certain of a handsome inheritance.

Her talent for rough-houses became so well known that the local cops did not hesitate to call her in when things became tough downtown. When a proper police cart was built, the local constabulary named it "Black Maria."

Another school of thought attributes the name to Maria Manning, who murdered a lodger and then calmly sat down to a hearty meal of roast goose. She was executed outside a gaol in Southwark, and dressed herself from head to foot in black satin for the occasion. Someone is supposed to have said, "There goes Black Maria," as the cart drove off afterwards, and the name stuck.

Some amazing people have travelled in the Black Maria. Screaming Suffragettes, sated debtors, fighting drunks, vicious killers. . . To-day, the van is so cleverly constructed and so well guarded that it is really a cast-iron prison on wheels.

Sometimes, as the car purrs through the streets, it is hard to realise that it may be carrying Murder in a Plain Van. Many a killer has had his last ride in the Black Maria. Some, including Crip-pen, sat with quiet resignation, as if they were going home on the bus. Others joke with the police guards. One murderer sang hymns with great gusto.

George Joseph Smith, the brutal Brides-in-the-Bath killer, was being driven to Maidstone after his appeal had been turned down. A terrific storm burst as the van threaded its way through the London streets. The crashes of thunder upset Smith completely. He had an attack of hysteria and moaned like a caged animal. From shock his hair had turned white by the time he arrived at Maidstone Gaol.

Wells, the "Man who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo," was not in the least upset by his trip in the Black Maria. He knew that a kindred spirit was in the next cell, and managed to play a long-range game of pitch and toss with his neighbour!

Not so light-hearted was a financier who had been sentenced to penal servitude at the Old Bailey. He noticed the ominous "plain van," and saw a terrible vista opening up before him. Rather than take that ride to gaol, he swallowed some tablets of cyanide of potassium that he had hidden in his clothing.

The Underworld has its own nickname for the Black Maria. Crooks call it "Long Tom's Coffin," and regard it as a very bad day for "business" if they happen to see one in the street. A certain burglar was so superstitious on this point that he would cross himself hurriedly if he spotted a Black Maria.

A. Bruce

# Here's to-day's History—Buried Alive

(From Mark  
Priestley)

A SPECIMEN "world of to-day" lies buried and preserved in a "King Tut's tomb" for the benefit of posterity 6,000 years hence.

It is stored in a slate-lined air-tight vault hollowed in the granite bedrock of the Appalachian Mountains—and it is deeded to the Government of the United States, their heirs and assigns, to be held in trust.

The Oglethorpe Crypt—no chance for a cat to creep there till the year A.D. 8113!—isn't a stunt. Bing Crosby gramophone records, typical Hollywood films, chewing gum and soft drinks are stored there for an eternity, but they represent a serious and patient attempt on the part of American scientists to preserve the life of modern civilisation so that it can be reconstructed by archaeologists sixty centuries hence.

The idea was born in 1936, when Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, president of Oglethorpe University, Georgia, realised the difficulty of reconstructing the real life of ancient Egypt from the scanty relics we have.

In the year 4241 B.C. the Egyptian priests began their calendar and pointed off the

earliest recorded date; they took care, too, to preserve the relics of their kings, but we really know very little of their everyday lives.

To save future historians the heart-breaking search of establishing history from fragmentary findings, nearly every scientist in the States has had a voice in choosing a representative selection of articles to reveal To-day to the world of Remote To-morrow.

It might be difficult, for instance, for a future archaeologist to sort out the workings of a motor-car engine if he didn't know about petrol. An electric switch will be a mystery if the future has lost the secret of electric power.

Miniatures of model trains, cars, electric plants, tanks, even submarines, with special time-proof editions of encyclopaedias, instructional books, and even newspapers, solve these enigmas. The crypt has been jammed with micro-film books, news-reels—and the judges have added for good measure a copy of Bing Crosby's film, "Paris Honey-moon."

Roosevelt, Stalin and other men are preserved by records and films—yes, it is hoped that they'll last.

The life of normal movie film is only 50 years. Special copies have been made on cellulose acetate film, instead of cellulose nitrate—more than 1,000,000 feet of film, sealed in an enormous container, show the changing life of the world in this way. Nor have the scientists overlooked the film projector, with full instructions in classic as well as modern languages.

Mannequin models, 29 inches high, have been dressed in every type of clothing worn in our era. The model wearing a jockey costume bears a steel-engraved cross-reference to films and books on horse-racing. In case our descendants have lost their sense of sportsmanship, one scientist has written a special sociological explanation of why horse-racing is popular.

A bouquet of roses has been copied in wax; both original flowers and model bouquet are preserved under glass. The chewing gum is part of an exhibit in the manufacturing selection. Here, too, are working models, full details of processes and sample products.

Easy to remember to insert a tin-opener—but the scientists have found themselves limited in selecting tins that won't rust or explode, foodstuffs that can reasonably be expected to last in something of their original forms for sixty-one centuries.

Every relic has been differently treated to preserve it from the ravages of corrosion, chemical action, drying, dampness and dust. A fancy garter was going to be preserved on one of the shelves.

It had to be left out because the methods of preserving materials wouldn't apply to elastic. The majority of items, however, have been encased in stainless steel cylinders from which all the air has been exhausted and replaced by an inert and ageless gas.

And the gramophone records? They've got Toscanini conducting his majestic orchestra in Beethoven and Bach—and they've not forgotten Cab Calloway. From photographs of Hitler to Popeye, surgery, medicine, silk stockings and cosmetics, the imperishable records of Oglethorpe have stored the story of our world.

## Sunday Thoughts

When you're a married man, Samivel, you'll understand a good many things as you don't understand now; but vether it's worth while goin' through so much to learn so little, as the charity-boy said ven he got to the end of the alphabet, is a matter o' taste.

Mr. Tony Weller, in  
"Pickwick Papers."

A spring of love gushed from my heart,  
And I blessed them unaware.

Coleridge.

Habit with him was all the test of truth,  
"It must be right; I've done it from my youth."

George Crabbe  
(1754-1832).

Knowledge dwells  
In heads replete with  
thoughts of other men;  
Wisdom in minds attentive  
to their own.

Cowper.

It may be that he could not count  
The sires and sons to  
Jesse's fount,—  
He liked the "Sermon on the Mount,"—  
And more, he read it.

Austin Dobson.

Every man of any education would rather be called a rascal, than accused of deficiency in the graces.

Dr. Johnson.

Fanatics have their dreams,  
wherewith they weave  
A paradise for a sect.

Keats.

And the ships shall go  
abroad  
To the Glory of the Lord,  
Who heard the silly sailor-folk  
and gave them back  
their sea!

Kipling.

In giving freedom to the  
slave, we assure freedom to  
the free—honourable alike  
in what we give and what  
we preserve.

Abraham Lincoln.

Many a genius has been  
slow of growth. Oaks that  
flourish for a thousand  
years do not spring up into  
beauty like a reed.

George Lewes

(1817-1878).

Il n'y a pas de morts.  
(There are no dead.)

Maeterlinck.

circa 1565.

## What Price Good Old Days?

### For Sale—1 Wife

IT is difficult to believe that less than a hundred years ago, within a few years of the birth of Mr. Bernard Shaw and within the lifetime of a handful of centenarians up and down the country, there existed in parts of England such abysmal ignorance that many provincial people believed that a man had only to auction his wife in the public market in order to dissolve the marriage tie. The most recent date I can discover for a transaction of this kind is 1859, when a man sold his wife at Dudley for the sum of sixpence, believing that by so doing he would rid himself of any obligation to support her.

But let us turn our attention northwards to Carlisle, where in 1827 one Joseph Thomson, a farmer, thought to end an unhappy contract and at the same time raise some ready cash by putting his wife up for public auction. The bellman having gone about the town announcing the sale, Thomson arrived at the market at noon with his wife tethered by a straw halter. Having secured her to a stout oak chair, on which he graciously allowed her to sit, the husband addressed the townspeople as follows:

"Gentlemen, I have to offer to your notice my wife, Mary Anne Thomson, otherwise Williams, whom I mean to sell to the highest bidder. . . . She has been to me only a born serpent. I took her for the comfort and good of my home; but she became

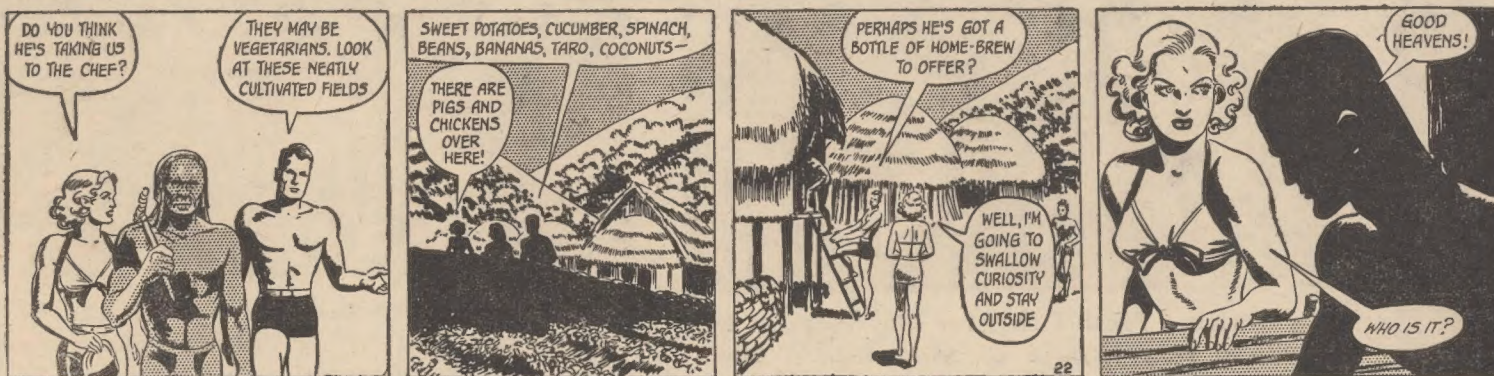
my tormentor, a domestic curse, a night invasion and a daily devil. Gentlemen, I speak the truth when I say—may God deliver us from troublesome wives and frolicsome women. Avoid them as you would a mad dog, a roaring lion, a loaded pistol, cholera morbus, Mount Etna, or any other pestilential thing in nature. Now I have shown you the dark side of my wife—(no one can accuse Thomson of obtaining money by false pretences)—and told you her faults and failings, I will introduce the bright and sunny side of her, and explain her qualifications and goodness. She can read novels and milk cows (a versatile woman); she can laugh and weep with the same ease that you could take a glass of ale when thirsty. . . . She can make thurst and scold the maid; she can sing Moore's melodies, and plait her frills and caps; she cannot make rum, gin or whisky, but she is a good judge of the quality from long experience in tasting them. I therefore offer her with all her perfections and imperfections for the sum of fifty shillings."

In point of fact, Thomson was optimistic, for after waiting an hour for a bid he "knocked her down" to one Harry Mears for twenty shillings and a Newfoundland dog, whereupon they parted company, Mears and the woman going one way and Thomson and the dog the other.

Thomson's is not an isolated case, however. In 1815 a man had auctioned his wife at



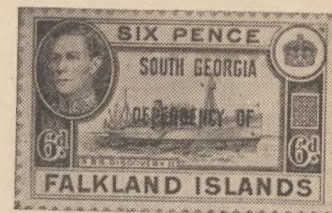
# BUCK RYAN



## STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

THE recently issued overprints for the Falkland Islands, dependencies of Graham Land, South Georgia, South Orkneys, and South Shetlands, to which I previously referred, are already proving one of the biggest Colonial attractions since the outbreak of war.



Fair quantities have reached the English market, in mint condition, of course. Prices for the eight values of each dependency, ranging from 2d. to 1s., vary from 13s. 9d. to 17s., and even at the top price I feel confident they are a sound investment.

There is every likelihood that stocks will soon be exhausted. Whether a second printing will follow is a matter of divided opinion. I said earlier that a reprint was probable, but a few of the knowing ones now tell me that no more will be printed.



Certainly, the post offices on the islands should not sell out quickly. I am wondering whether these overprints, seemingly unjustifiable, are tied up with the British scientific expedition now at Graham Land.

Lieut.-Comdr. J. W. S. Marr, R.N.V.R., has set up a base camp at Hope Bay. His expedition will be in the Antarctic for a couple of years, surveying the mineral and other resources of this considerable region under the British flag against post-war development.



The South Shetlands, South Orkneys, and South Georgia will also be visited. It looks as though these men will be the sole users of the overprints. It takes a letter six weeks to reach this country from Port Stanley, capital of the Falklands; from the dependencies, appreciably longer.

A year or more will elapse before we see any postmarked copies. It seems that within a few days of their appearance dealers were pestered for "used copies," which is a state of affairs encouraging to the deplorable traffic in cancelling to order.

Regarding the possibility of later reprints, these, if they come, may well show differences in the overprint. The first printings are therefore well worth holding against later issues.



## Alex Cracks

An old lady was going down a coal mine for the first time. As the cage descended she noticed how she and the rest of the party were dependent upon a single rope to which it was attached.

"Do you think it's quite safe?" she asked a miner, as she glanced at the rope.

"Safe as the bank," returned the miner. "There's nothing to be afraid of. These ropes are guaranteed to last twelve months, and this one ain't to be renewed till to-morrow."

Baby: An alimentary canal with a loud voice at one end and no responsibility at the other.



## WHERE SHANK'S MARE REIGNS SUPREME



"Veree good, veree sweet, veree black, veree fine for the stomach. You like another cup of Jerusalem coffee? No?"



Everything (including the kitchen stove). Here's the Bangkok Walkey - Talkey Hardware Store. He's not worried by overheads, but by flat feet.



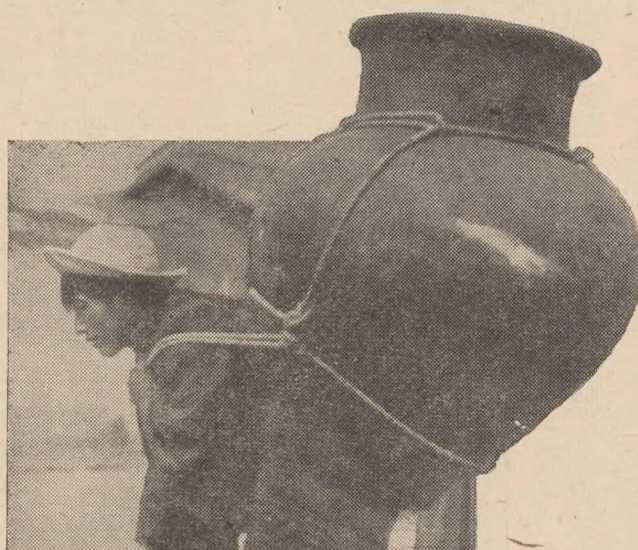
These are invalids being carried up Himalayan mountain paths to the Hospital in Khatmandu. The Bhuttia coolies carrying them have bull necks, heavy calves, and can carry half-a-ton a-piece without tiring.



She's cried "Fresh Fish" for fifty years in the Northumbrian hamlet of Stocksfield. She's Lizzie, eighty-year-old cullercoat's fishwife, and she scorns a barrow.



Yes, in Indo-China they carry their papooses just like the Sioux. Here you see a Moi woman going up a typical staircase, homebound.



Here's a pint-pot for a big fellow. Actually, it's used to store water in Ecuador, and the chap you see has to lug it some fifteen miles uphill before he can sell it. But they're tough, these Sudamericanos.



This bloke's a "Toddy" Merchant from the Celebes. Up in the morning early, he fills his bamboo canisters and trots off to town. By the time he gets there the jogging movement has made "Arak" — Grog to you.